

# Zero

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE--  
**DAVE COOPER'S 9-part**  
**CRUMPLE!**

AUGUST 15  
**\$3.95**  
#5.50 in  
hardcover

10  
74470 83869 7

fantagraphics books

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# ZERO ZERO 11

# Contents



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**ZERO ZERO, August, 1996.**

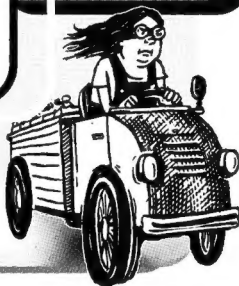
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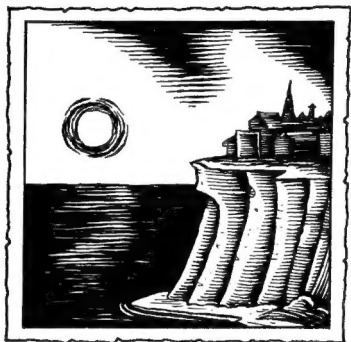
**First printing:** July, 1996.

**Fantagraphics Books**  
7563 Lake City Way NE  
Seattle, Washington, 98115

**PRINTED IN CANADA.**

**fc**  
**Dave Cooper**  
**ifc**  
**"Boxed In" by Kaz**  
**2:**  
**"The Chuckling Whatsit"**  
**(Chapter Ten)**  
**by Richard Sala**  
**9:**  
**"It's a Long March to the**  
**Olympics"**  
**by David Collier**  
**13:**  
**Crumple**  
**(Chapter One)**  
**by Dave Cooper**  
**30:**  
**"Stubs"**  
**by David Mazzucchelli**  
**34:**  
**"Fuzz and Pluck"**  
**by Ted Stearn**  
**40:**  
**"Noise Busters"**  
**by Max Andersson**  
**bc**  
**Roy Tompkins**





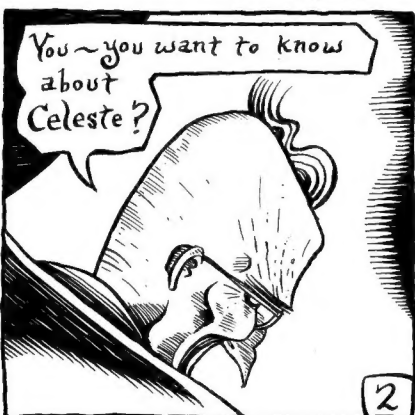
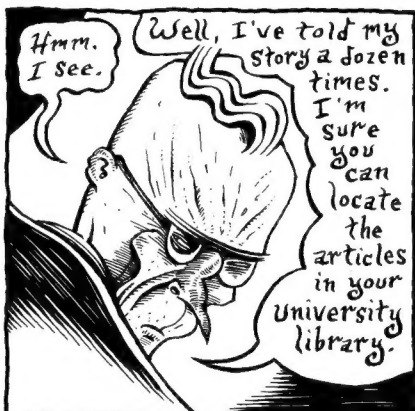
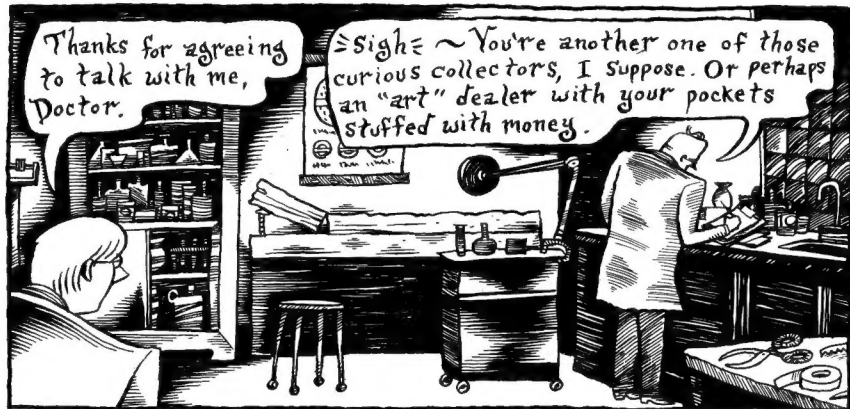
# the Chuckling Whatsit

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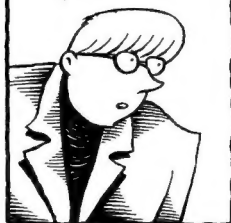
Previously ~

Broom continues digging into the life of mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac, unaware that Professor Peeke ~ the person who hired him ~ is now dead. From Dr. Erdling, Broom hears the secret of G.A.S.H., and Lenz tells him about Celeste. Broom travels to Crow's Creek, shadowed by several members of G.A.S.H. ~ and, while staying at the Hungry Bird Inn, Broom spies a masked girl peering in his windows.





Yes, if you ~  
uh ~ are you  
alright, Doctor?



I'll tell you, Mr. Broom. I'll tell you about  
Celeste. After all, why not? Eh, Mr.  
Broom? Why not?  
Ha ha ha.



Uh, okay.

It seems like another life, lived by another man ~ it's hard to  
believe now that it was me. After years of training and sacrifice, I  
had been placed in charge of physical examinations at Swann's ~ a  
psychiatric institute on the peninsula, south of San Francisco. I  
had a beautiful home, a wonderful wife.



Sometimes my wife would work as a volunteer at Swann's ~ a  
brave thing to do, considering the deeply disturbed, even dangerous,  
nature of the patients. I should never have allowed it, but  
she was a kind soul and wanted to help ~ and, frankly, I was  
so caught up in my work I wasn't giving her much attention.



She took a special interest in one of our most complex cases ~ Emile Jarnac. He had a brooding, tormented quality that my wife found intriguing. She couldn't see him for what he was ~ wouldn't believe that he was an unstable, brutal, remorseless monster.

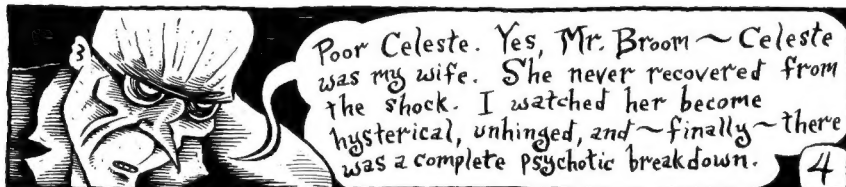


An obsession of his fascinated her. As a child, he'd seen a big black bird swoop from the sky and pluck a squirming fish from the water ~ gobbling it up. It gave him a strange, intense, sadistic thrill. He spoke of this often, did dozens of drawings depicting it.

It was during this time that my wife became pregnant. Sadly, the child was stillborn. Somehow the umbilical cord became wrapped around its neck.



Like a noose,  
Mr. Broom.  
Like a noose.



Poor Celeste. Yes, Mr. Broom ~ Celeste was my wife. She never recovered from the shock. I watched her become hysterical, unhinged, and ~ finally ~ there was a complete psychotic breakdown.

I had no choice but to admit her to the institute. It was for her own good, you understand. Yes, Mr. Broom, she became a patient at Swann's ~ my own wife.



I thought I'd be able to keep an eye on her, make sure she got the care she needed. But despite my best efforts, she fell under Tarnac's spell. They became ~ involved.



Tarnac carried that horrible whatsit around with him ~ the one that chuckled. At that time it was the only one ~ it was the original, the first. It had a noose around its neck. Poor, delusional Celeste ~ she thought it was her child.





They ran away from Swann's together. The police never caught them. And I had given up hope ~ until that day I saw Jarnac here in Crow's Creek. He grew up here, you know ~ but I only found that out later. ~ And, of course, I discovered all those other dolls ~ those abominable children of his twisted psyche. ~

And Celeste?

I'll never know. Jarnac was dead when I found him.

And dead men don't talk. Do they, Mr. Broom?

Um ~ I'd like to visit the windmill, if ~

Sorry. I won't allow the public there anymore.

It's falling apart ~ and there's nothing left to see. I'm warning you: trespassers will be prosecuted. Good day, Mr. "Student."

Whew! Is he always that grouchy?

SLAM!



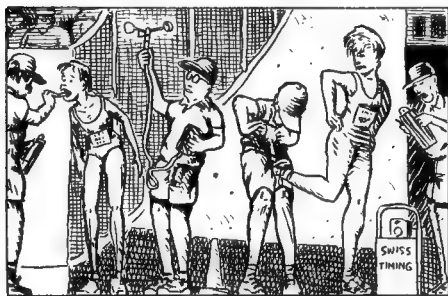
~ to be continued ~

# IT'S A LONG MARCH TO THE OLYMPICS!

Sunday, July 28<sup>TH</sup>, 1996! You've thought *so much* about this date that it now seems odd that it should actually really occur!



The other competitors - *wah!* With their money, their fancy technologies -- little do they know of the answers lying *within!*



It's only 7 A.M. and already it's so *hot!* Atlanta is not a very good spot for the Olympics - far better for them to be in *Beijing*, which was - Ma says - *supposed* to host in year 2000.



Atlanta - you've worked so hard for so long to get here -- so how come everything's remote and distant now, like a t.v. picture without the sound - like the lapse between action & understanding in a *dream?*



Your comrade is the only one here who also knows of the suffering! You try to elicit a smile or a nod from her but to no avail - in situations like this Qu Yunxia is strictly *business!*



Ma says that the world will pay for this loss of face - Ma says a lot of things and you listen, for you are a poor girl from little Guizhou province who has come a long way ever since she joined *Ma's Army!*



Oh how you wish this race would get started already! Two weeks in Atlanta and you've seen nothing - apart from one quick tour of the marathon course..



Here, at the one kilometre mark on Auburn Ave, you will sprint! Also, on your left is the birthplace of yet another dangerous American - *Martin Luther King Jr.*

But of course, there's no need for formal sight-seeing when you're a marathon woman! There's no shortage of interesting things to look at when you're running - why, you've found tranquility in the way the light shines on the water intake structure in the reservoir back at Kunning!



Ten more minutes! Well, if nothing else comes of it, this whole experience has given you a taste of American television...



Phew! The conditions are *atrocious* for a marathon! Does the humidity ever get below 90% in Atlanta?? And we're forever hearing of *Chinese* human-rights abuses...

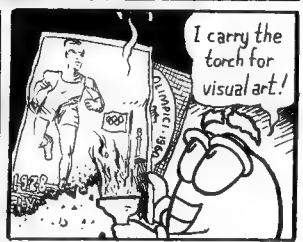
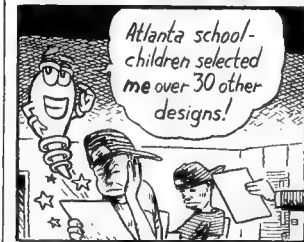


Forget your training? With coach Ma around that's highly unlikely! His brand of discipline makes maniacal U.S. college coaches such as Woody Hayes or Bobby Knight look like mere *pussycats*! Modern sport has never seen intensity quite like Ma's!

Possessing a terrible temper, Ma has been known to curse and hit his athletes for being "lazy," "disobedient" even, on one occasion for humming a song!



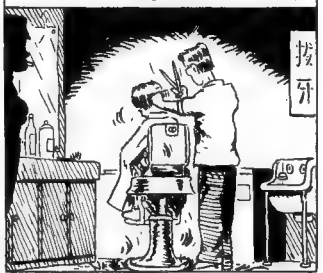




Logically, standing there in the Atlanta heat, you should be glad for having such short hair! Still, it's hard not to feel a twinge of envy as you gaze upon the other competitor's *luxurious locks*!



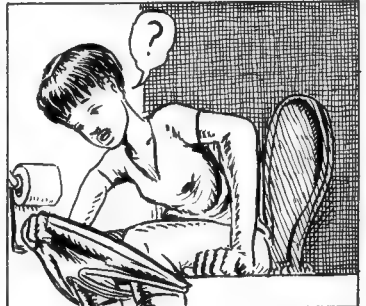
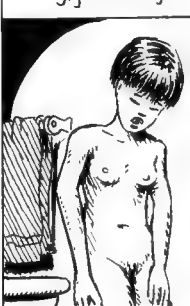
At one time you too had long beautiful hair! After your bath you'd comb it out-it fell almost down to your waist! And then you joined Ma's Army...



The short hair, Ma's "no boyfriends" rule... Often you find yourself wishing that you were a *normal* girl!

And all this *now*, at a time of changes in your body, your feelings...

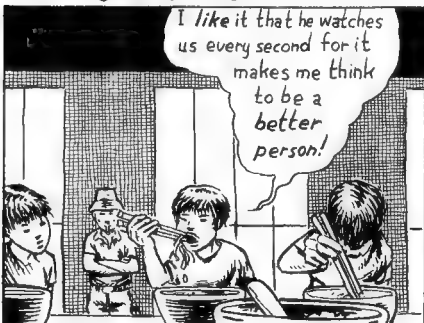
Also, you can't help but *wonder* at times if there's such a thing as too much running! Your *period*, for example, now only comes twice a year!



The rigorous demands of the Chinese Woman's Running Program aren't for everyone - Ma's Army has only been on the international scene for three years, yet virtually none of the original stable of athletes remain, so high is the burnout rate! Wang Junxia, who in 1993 broke the world record in the 10,000 metres by an unbelievable 42 seconds, broke away from Ma's dom neering ways early on!



But *you* won't rebel like Wang Junxia.. 'o, you wish to be more like Qu Yunxia, the only top runner from Ma's original Army to tough it out all this time!



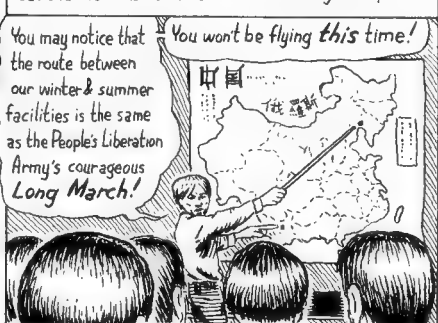
Ma's 3,000 mile trek in the fall of 1995 was his boldest stunt yet! To cover the distance he made his athletes run the equivalent of one marathon every day - *twice* a marathon runner's normal training range!



And who can blame her for leaving the tutelage of a man who values training above all else?? -For two months Ma kept the news of Wang Junxia's brother's death to himself i.e. 'it interrupt her training... Still, the fact remains that Wang is no longer the runner that she was... Wang even showed up recently at a track meet looking a little well, *fat*!

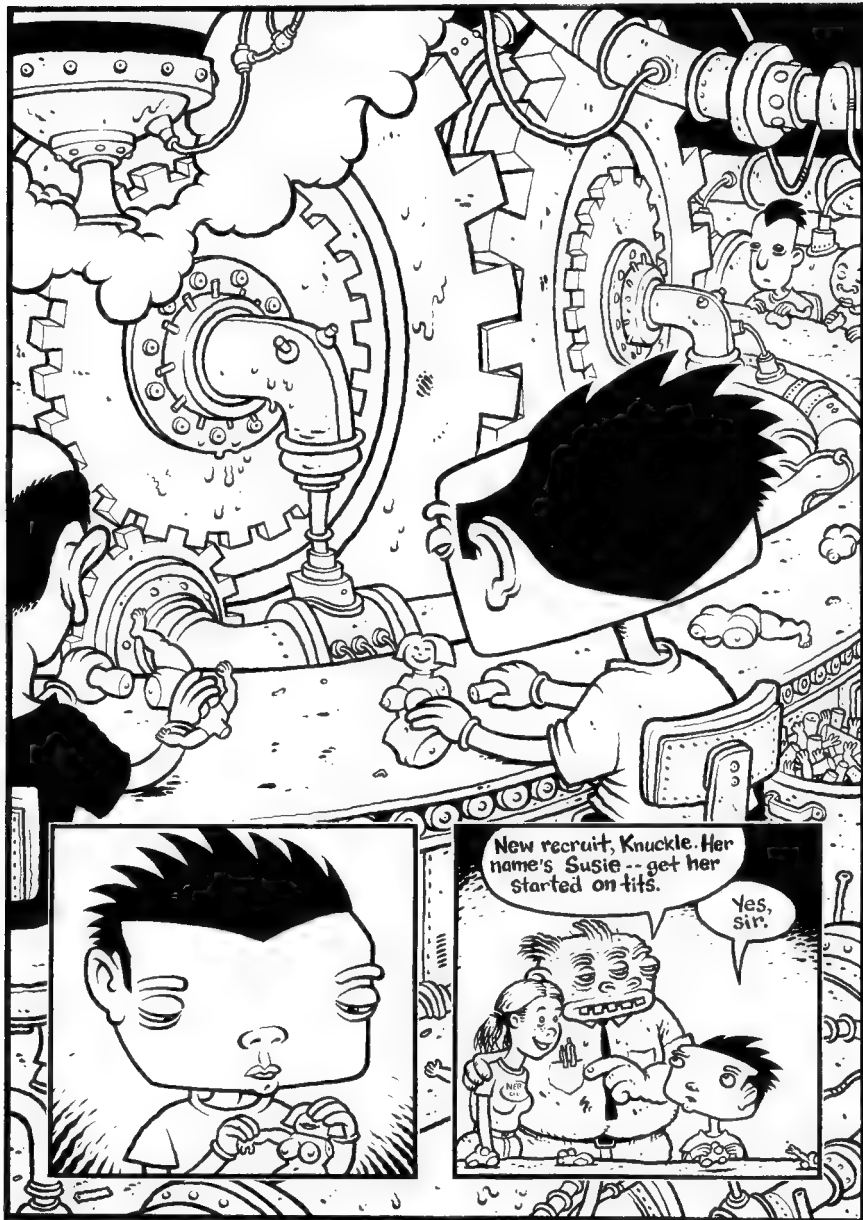


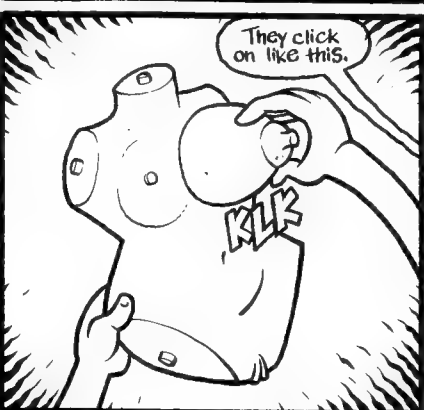
Some say Ma's nuts - the official Chinese Sports Committee is constantly on his case - but his educational methods strike a chord with the general public!



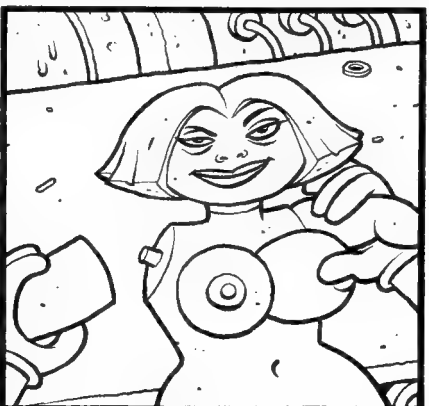
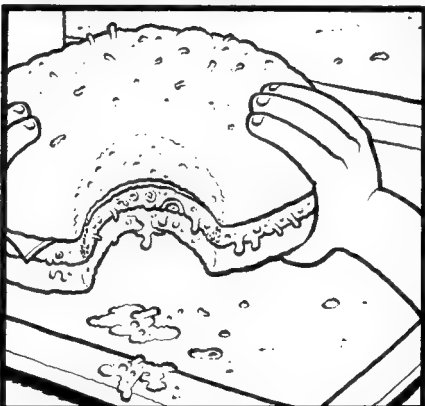
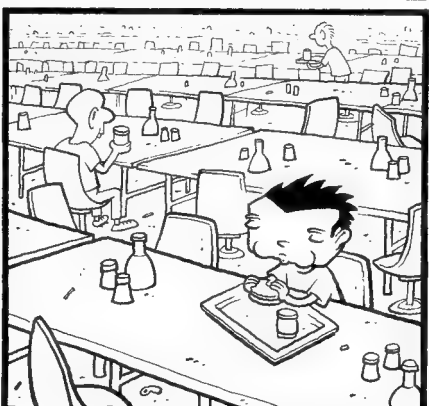
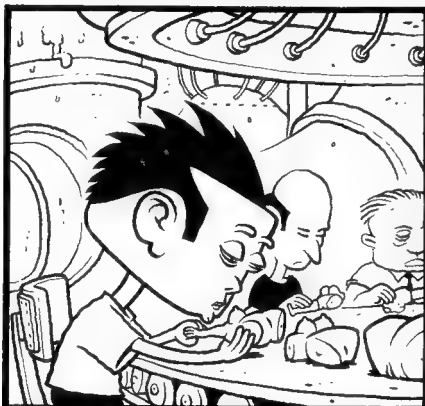
The Chinese media loved it, and they'll love it even more if you win here today and - hey! whoop - - well, there you go...

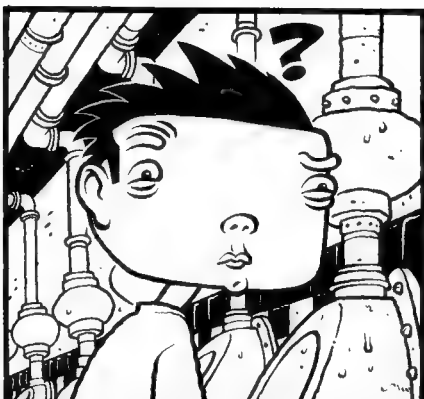
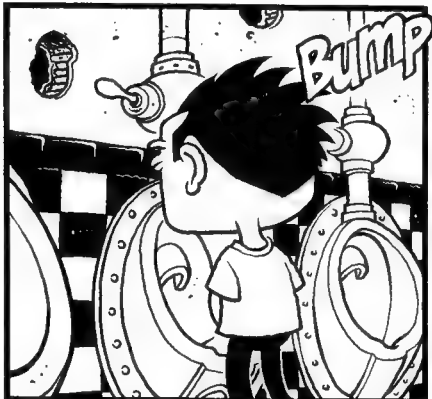


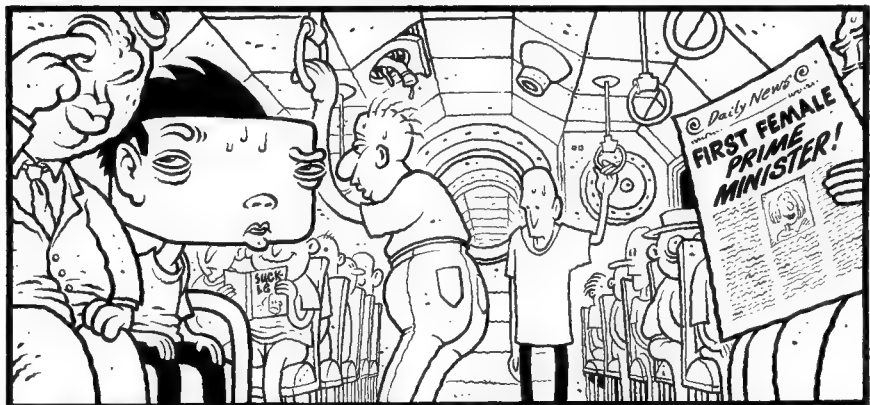


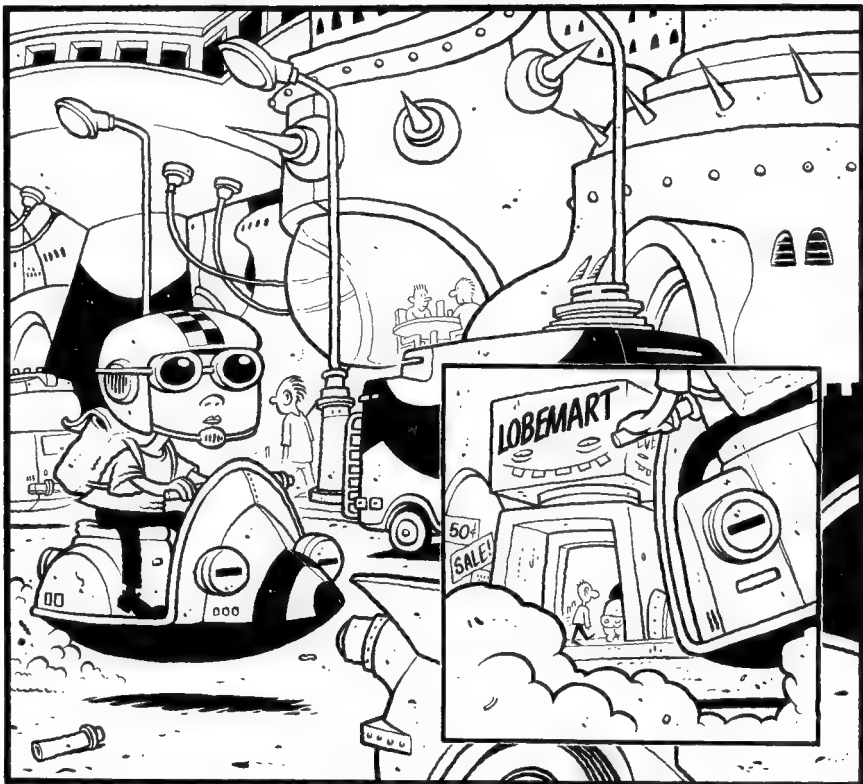
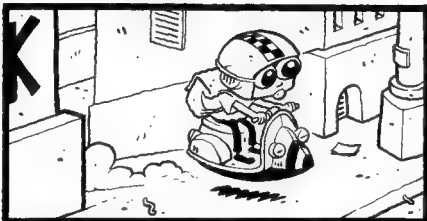
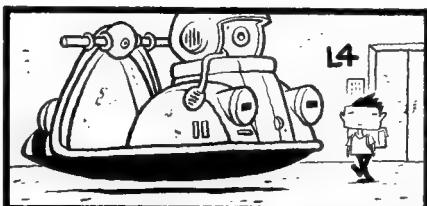




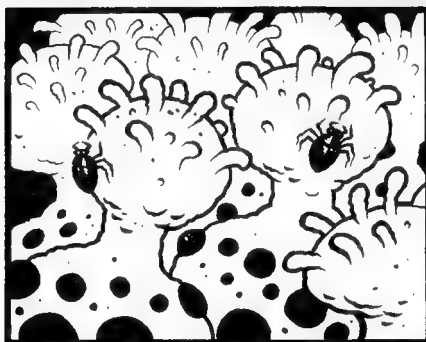
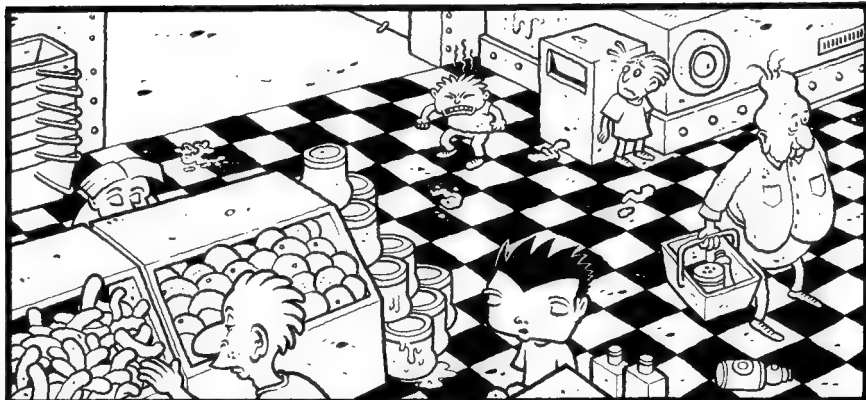


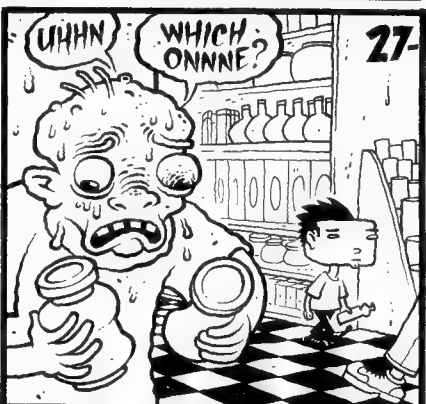


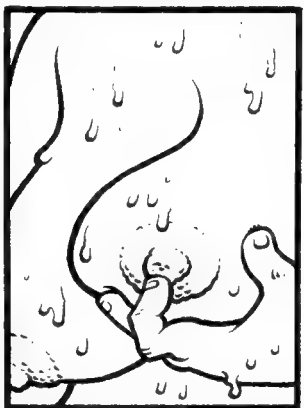


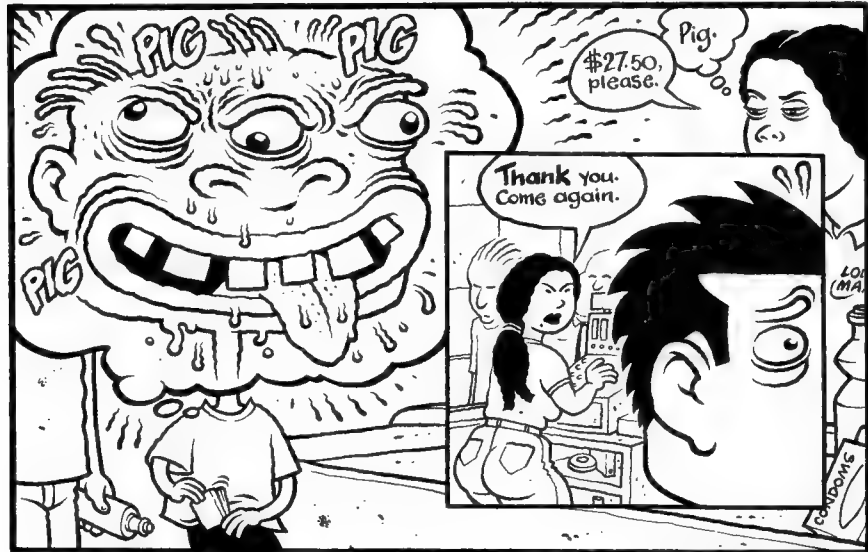
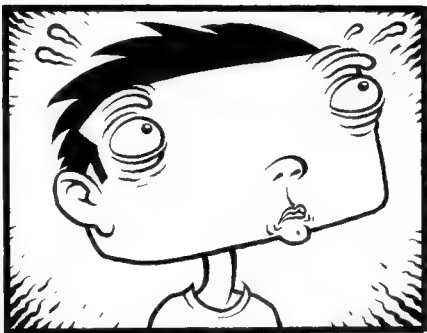


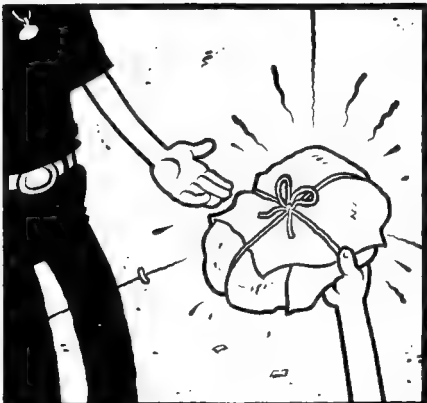
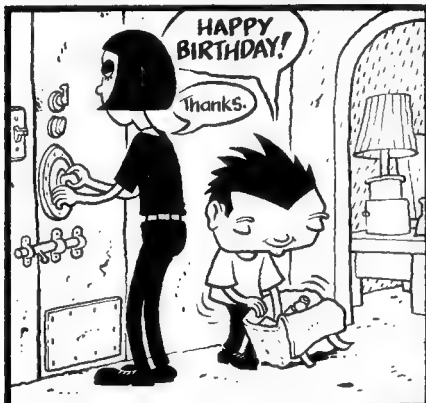
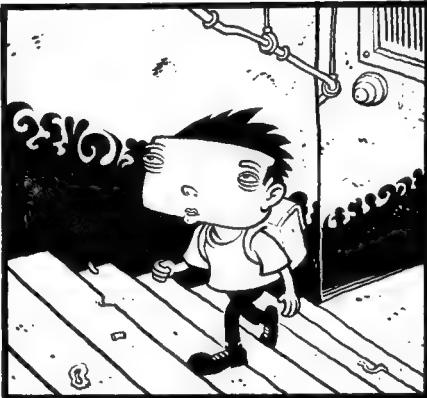
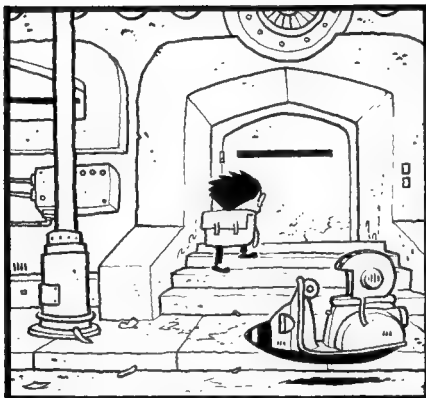


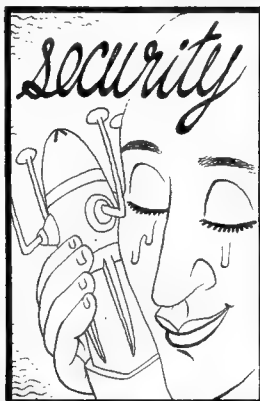






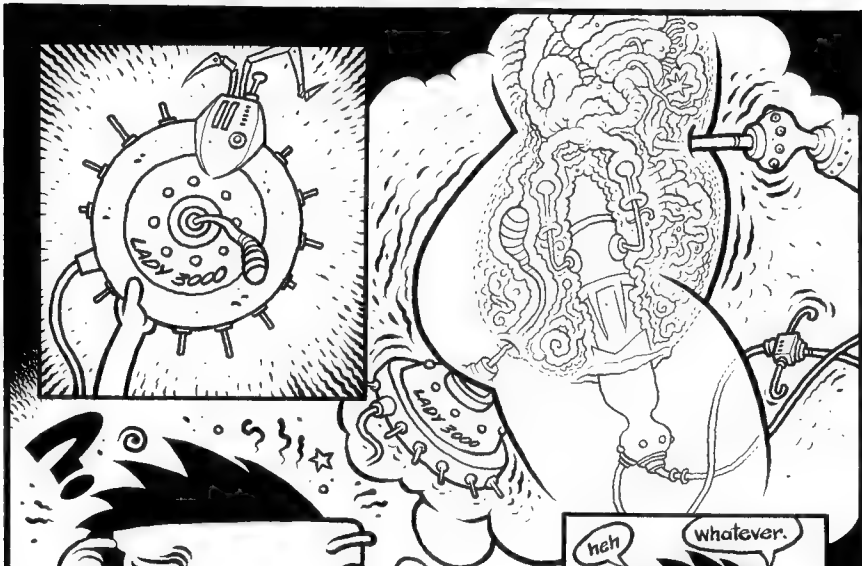
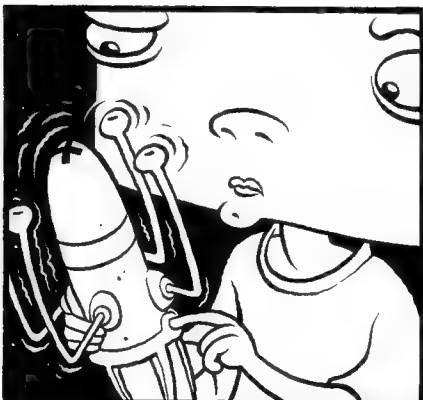
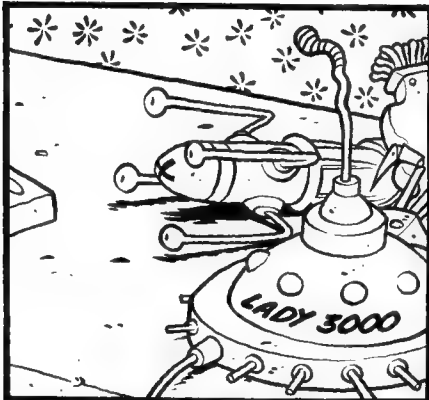




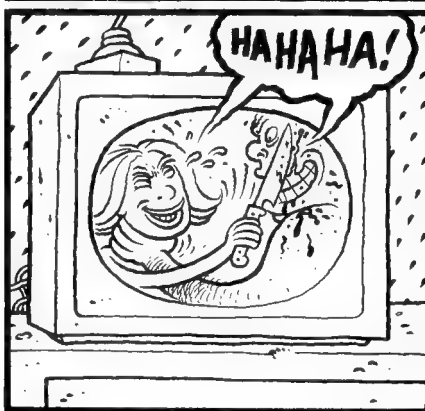


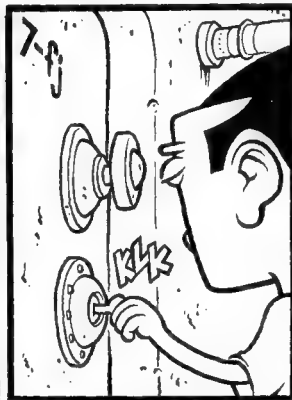












TO BE CONTINUED.

What an end to come to: listless, lifeless,  
afraid to make a mark.



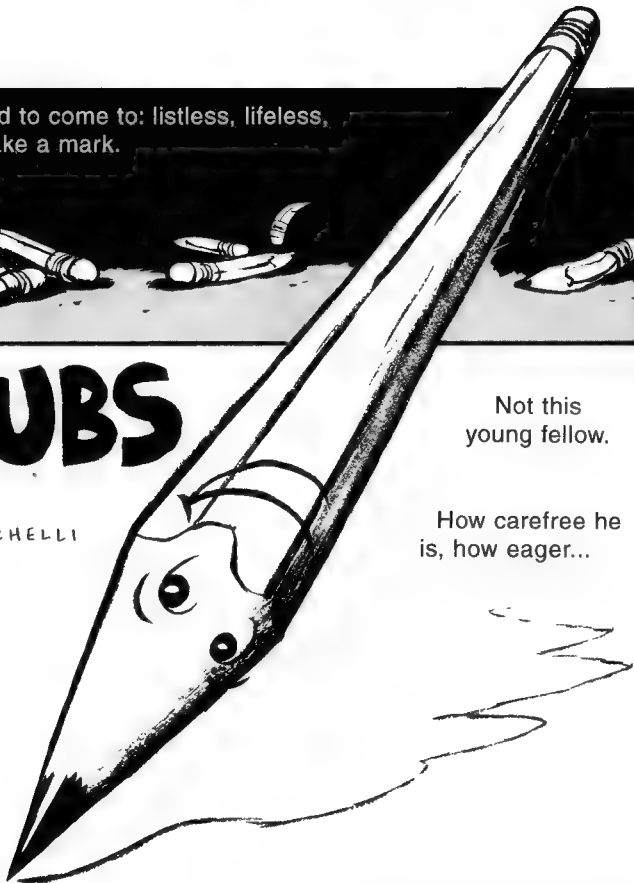
# STUBS

by

MAZZUCHELLI

Not this  
young fellow.

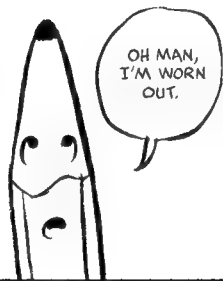
How carefree he  
is, how eager...



...how fearless!



Of course, youthful exuberance **can** have its price.





And how many times must necessity bear the same inventions?

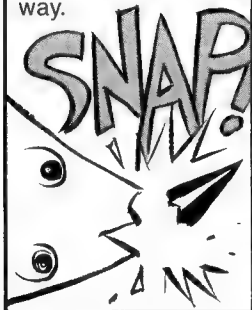
MAYBE IF I JUST RUB THE SIDE AGAINST THE GROUND...



WOW! IT'S SHARPER AND SHINIER THAN EVER!



He'll learn the hard way.



OH NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE?



MY BEAUTIFUL POINT—  
GONE!!

MAYBE I CAN PICK AROUND IT...

PSST, KID.

HUH?



DON'T BE AFRAID, KID. I SEEN WHATCHU WAS DOIN'.

ALLA US HAVE TRIED THAT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER.



IF YOU REALLY WANTCHUR POINT BACK, FOLLOW ME.

W-WHERE ARE WE GOING?



DON'T WORRY, KID. I'M JUST TAKIN' YOU TA SEE...

"...THE  
SHARPENER!"



Step right up,  
son.

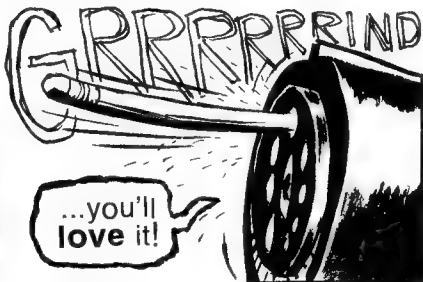


mmm, so young...  
You're new here,  
aren't you?

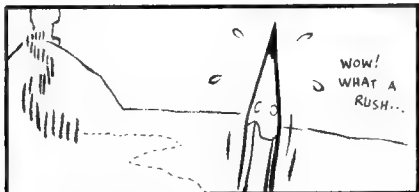
W-WILL IT  
HURT?



Hurt? Why, on  
the contrary...

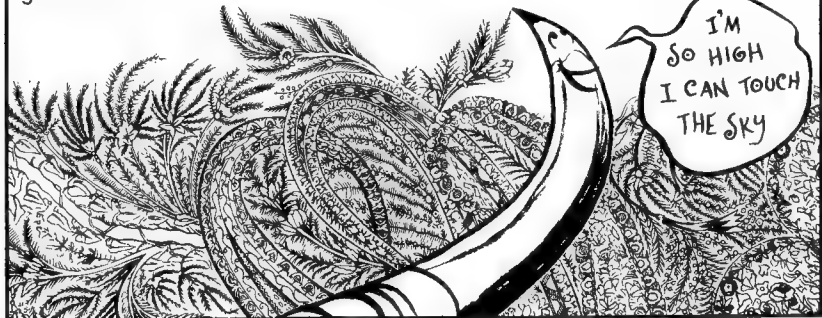


...you'll  
love it!



WOW!  
WHAT A  
RUSH...

Thus restored, our young friend strikes out again,  
good as new.



I'M  
SO HIGH  
I CAN TOUCH  
THE SKY

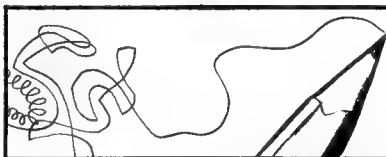
And whenever he starts to feel depleted...



At times he notices a strange sensation, as if something has changed.



But this, too, is easily remedied.



BETTER WATCH OUT, SON.

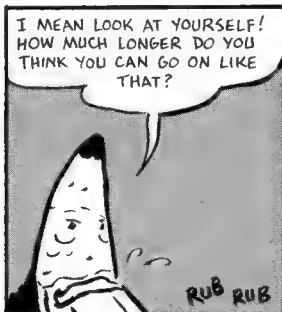
Ah, the voice of experience.

SAVE THAT POINT FOR WHEN YOU REALLY NEED IT.

HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I MEAN LOOK AT YOURSELF! HOW MUCH LONGER DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GO ON LIKE THAT?



LOOK AT MYSELF?

EEP!

HOW DID I GET SO SHORT?

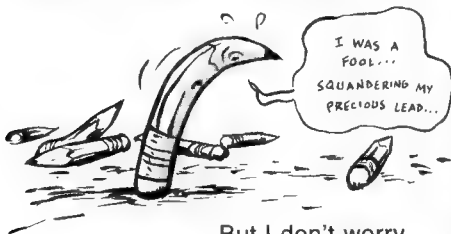


It pains me to watch innocence become shattered.

OH NO...



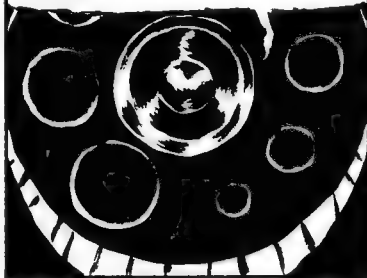
And to see one so promising join the ranks of the sullen and fearful.



I WAS A FOOL...  
SQUANDERING MY PRECIOUS LEAD...

But I don't worry...

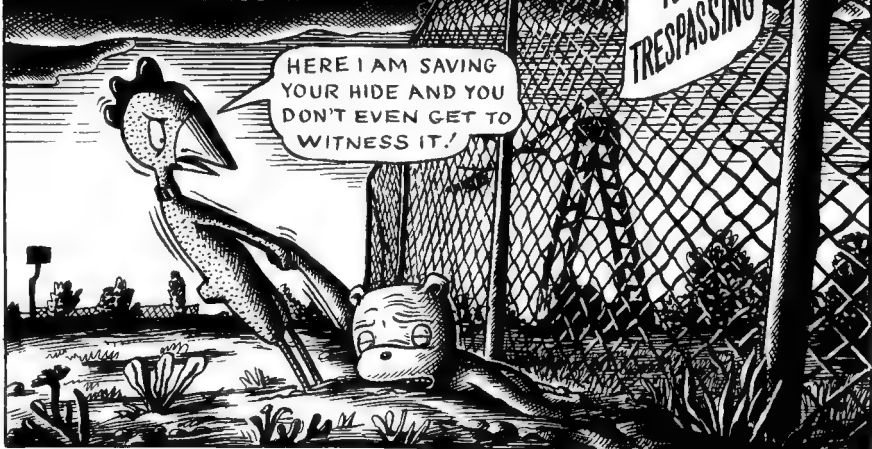
They always come back.

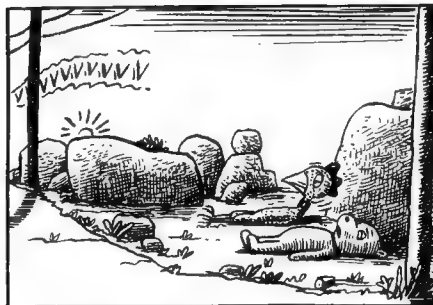


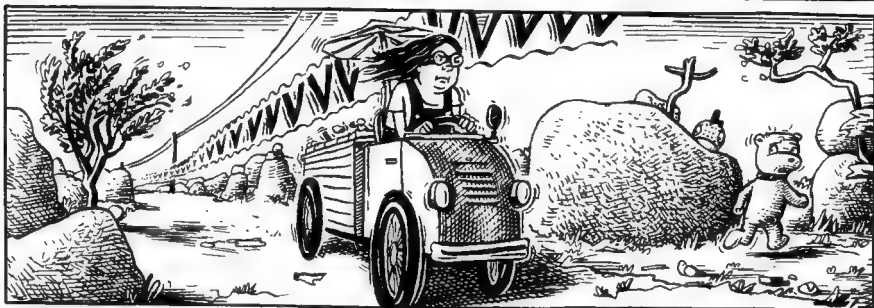
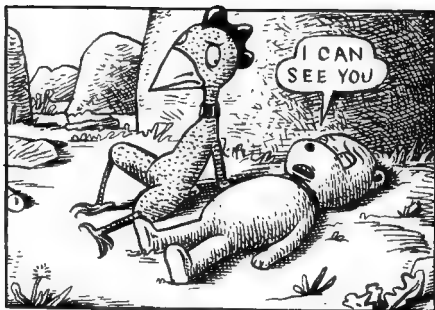
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# FUZZ & PLUCK

ARE ATTEMPTING A DARING ESCAPE  
FROM THEIR SLAVE DUTIES AT  
"OLDE SUNKENE PONDE ESTATES"

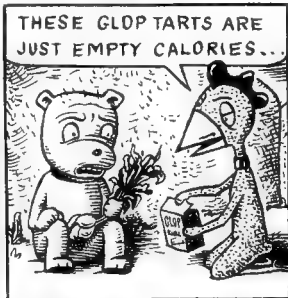
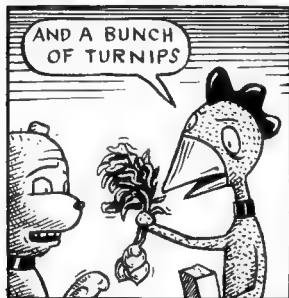
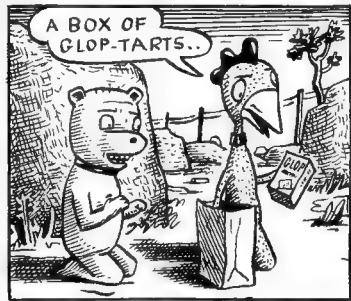
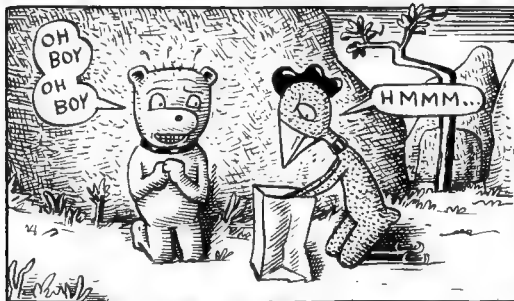
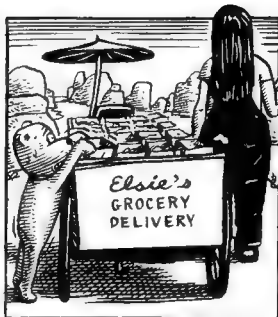


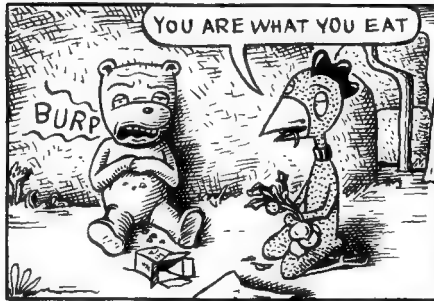
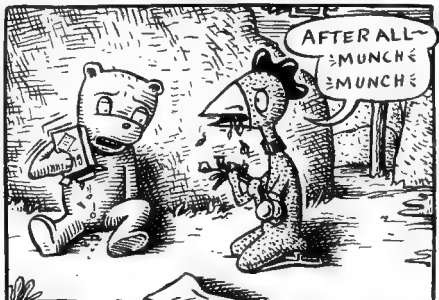








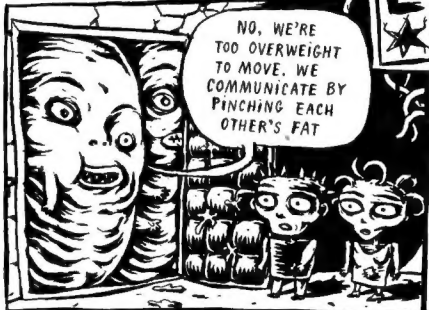




TO BE CONTINUED...



NOISE



BUSTERS



MAX ANDERSSON







# Zero Zero

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A DIRTY  
POORLY  
LIT  
PLACE  
FOR  
BOOKS

BOOKS

BO

## Ordering info

All the items listed on this page can be ordered from:

**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS,**  
7563 Lake City Way NE,  
Seattle, WA 98115.

(All back issues of ZERO ZERO are \$3.95 except for #8, which is \$5.95.) Just add \$3.00 shipping to any size order (except for a subscription, which is \$18.95, \$20.95 outside the U.S., for five issues). Mail your order to the above address — or, if you have a Visa or MasterCard, call it in at 800-657-1100.

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### Next Issue

# ZERO ZERO



### 1 ZEROZERO1

(March/April 1985):

The 60-page premiere issue starts off with a delirious GARY PANTER cover.

TED STEARN premieres "Fuzz and Pluck," PAT MORANITY and CHARLES BUKOWSKI team up, FRANK STACK brings back Jesus for a new adventure, DAVID HOLZMAN tells of "The Man With the Big Head," HENRIETTE VALIUM dissects "The Great Disease," plus MAX ANDERSSON, DAVID COLLIER, GLENN HEAD, J.R. WILLIAMS, and a jam by KIM DETCH and MICHAEL DOUGAN!

### 2 ZEROZERO2

(May/June 1985):

RICHARD SALA debuts "The Chucking Whatst!" MAX WHITE premieres "Homunculus!" The first "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON SPARK! sponsors the return of Trashman! Plus DAVID MAZZUCHELLI in Japan, GLENN HEAD, MATSUI, DAVID COLLIER, WAYNO, and more "Jesus" by FRANK STACK!

### 3 ZEROZERO3

(July 1985):

Où est-ce que c'est on zee covaire? Why, it's an explosion of VALIUM SKIP WILLIAMSON and RICK ALTEGOTT make their ZZ debut, FRANK STACK's "Jesus" bows out, and MAX ANDERSSON's pantomime strip "Lola!" silently stalks the pages! Also in this issue, MARK NEWGARDEN, plus more COLLIER, chapter two of "Whatst," and a DAVID SANDLIN "Sign of the Apocalypse!"

### 4 ZEROZERO4

(August 1985):

"Meat Box" by KAZ and TIMOTHY GEORGARAKIS debuts, plus COLLIER, a TED STEARN dream story, the "Whatst!" part 3, JEFF JOHNSON, CAROL TYLER, a "Car-Boy" frontpiece by MAX ANDERSSON, a MARK BEYER back cover, and the exquisitely creepy two-color "I Was Killing When Killing Wasn't Good" by AL COLUMBAN!

### 5 ZEROZEROS

(Sept./Oct. 1985):

JOE COLEMAN cover! CHRIS WARE frontpiece! JUSTIN GREEN back cover! And we haven't even gotten to the insides yet! (For the record, they include several of KIM DETCH's literary "Duckie Classics," MAX ANDERSSON's "Curses of the Cuddly Critters Factory," the conclusion to "Meat Box," and more "Whatst," COLLIER, and "Homunculus.")

### 6 ZEROZEROG

(Nov./Dec. 1985):

KIM DETCH and FOWLTON MEANS premiere "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare" (Delish cover, too!) Plus "Fuzz and Pluck," "Whatst!" DAVID COLLIER, SKIP WILLIAMSON, a wild dream from PENNY MORAN VAN HORN, TH. METZGER & BOB FINGERMAN, GLENN HEAD, and a blazingly full-color back cover by RICK ALTEGOTT.

### 7 ZEROZEROT

(Jan./Feb. 1986):

God help us, everyone! Special Christmas story by MAX ANDERSSON, mammoth 18-page epic "BestWorld" by BILL GRIFFITH, "Molly's" middle chapter by DETCH, plus a frontpiece by GILBERT HERNANDEZ, ARCHER PREWITT's "Furry Bunny," more "Whatst," and an "Apocalypse" back cover by DAVE COLLIER.

### 8 ZEROZEROS

(March/April 1986):

Big ol' first anniversary issue, kicked off with a CHARLES BURNS cover and finished off with a PAT MORANITY back cover.

In-between: a staggeringly twisted two-color "Soft Boy" story by ARCHER PREWITT, more "Whatst!" the rousing conclusion to "Molly O'Dare," AL COLUMBAN, DAVID COLLIER, another "Homunculus," another Ted Stearn dream-story, MEKE DIANA's "Legend of the Florida Man-Fish," a full-color "Car-Boy" by MAX ANDERSSON, and a dose of VALIUM on the center-spread!

### 9 ZEROZEROG

(May/June 1986):

SKIP WILLIAMSON takes a trip down druggy lane with Snappy Sammy Smoot! Virgin ZZ forays from SAM "Laugh!" WELI! HENDERSON, French terrible infirmité STEPHANE BLANQUET, and SUSAN CATHERINE! OSCAR ZARATE! Plus "Whatst," COLLIER, and a HENRIETTE VALIUM back cover. Psychedelic, man!

### 10 ZEROZEROT

(July 1986):

DREW FRIEDMAN cover! Eight pages of HENRIETTE VALIUM! New "Noboru" story by SAM HENDERSON! Plus ALEXANDER ZOGRAF, DAVE COLLIER, a SKIP WILLIAMSON back cover, a "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON, a "Homunculus" story by MAX WHITE, and the latest chapter of "Whatst."

### Zero Zero Briefs:

Be sure to check out the latest *Comics Journal*! For more David Mazzucchelli. It's easy to spot... the cover is bright yellow. But that's not all! The mag has TWO covers, the other being by the most depressed man in comic: Ivan (Schizo) Brunetti. It's a peach!

Dave Cooper! Apparently never leaves the house, judging by the volume of high-quality output that escapes his nimble fingers. Crumple is sure to rock the

heavens with its metal fist. PS: Go buy a copy of *Suckle*, Dave's most recent book from Fantagraphics. Not enough people have it. It makes us sad.

Getting to the last of the Daves: Pat Morianity, a local metal guru in his own right, was shocked to find himself in David Collier's strip last issue. Maybe Pat has a surprise planned for David in his new collection of old stuff that passes by the name of *Popcorn Pimps...* From Fantagraphics, of course, and on sale now.

On a sadder (and non-Dave-related) note: Everyone here at ZERO ZERO sends their best to columnist and phrasemaker Herb Cain (he coined the word "beatnik," duh) who, despite the recent diagnosis of respiratory cancer, still writes three excellent columns a week, as opposed to our measly incoherent self-promoting one every two months. We love you, Herb! Don't go! We're doomed without you!

—M.A. & K.T.

## Eleventh Sign of the impending Apocalypse

"While hunting for his life Insurance Agent, Humpty-Dump gets lost in the swirly of a neighborhood he calls home. The asymptotic approach of the end of it all begins to poison Dump's heart into a gangrenous sack of infection, leaving him to wonder, as the speed increases around him, about the wording of his term-life policy."





